

is that we now play cricket once a week in the field adjoining the Botanical Gardens. The school children play one afternoon and two evenings a week. We are hoping to have a match soon.

You will be sorry to hear that Mademoiselle Mottu has been obliged to leave us, owing to ill-health. She is now in Switzerland with her sister, and her place on the staff is taken by Mademoiselle Pierson.

We are going to have a course of first-aid lectures from Dr. Allen during the rest of this term. The first will take place this evening at 7.45.—We remain, yours sincerely,

THE PRESENT STUDENTS.

### P.N.E.U. CONFERENCE, 1915.

Early on the morning of Tuesday, June 15th, there were signs of hurry and preparation in the big hall of the Y.M.C.A. in Tottenham Court Road, and at 9.30 a.m. those of us who had arrived were given helpful hints and instructions by Miss Parish for the work of the morning. Soon after this children of all ages, each with neat little label pinned on, giving details as to form and place, etc., happy, eager children, came pouring in through the big hall, and after depositing coats and hats in the background, took their places according to the numbers on their labels denoting row and seat. There was a constant hum of conversation until at 10.30 Mrs. Franklin and Miss Parish took their places on the platform, and we felt that the day was really going to begin in earnest. Mrs. Franklin spoke a few words of welcome to the children, then, after singing the Conference hymn and having a short prayer, read by Miss Parish, the children passed out of the hall in single file, up the big stone staircase and along the corridors to the several class-rooms. There were about 180 children

present, and so it was necessary to have two or three groups of each class, most classes averaging about twenty children. Parents eager to see their children at work, school inspectors with pencils and paper busy taking notes, passed in and out of the various rooms, and the morning passed very happily, though far too quickly for all, especially the children, until at 12 o'clock the order came to go down to the big hall in the order we had come up. There, all assembled again, Miss Parish read Miss Mason's beautiful letter to the children, and told them about the new badge which was ready for them, the design for which had been given by Mrs. Bishop, and a message of thanks was sent to Miss Miss Mason and to Mrs. Bishop by the Head Scout present, Mary Yates, who afterwards talked to the children about scouting. At the same time in other rooms papers were given by Miss Eleanor Frost and Miss Wix.

At 1.15 p.m. all adjourned for luncheon, and the events of the morning were discussed by children and grown-ups too! The afternoon was given up to expeditions to various museums and places of interest, arranged beforehand by Miss Parish; and in the evening, at 8.30 p.m., there was the big Annual Meeting in the Y.M.C.A.

Mrs. Franklin read a paper by Miss Mason, illustrated by entertaining extracts from the Easter examination papers. The next day there were meetings both in the morning and afternoon, and at 4.30 p.m. we met again at 50, Porchester Terrace, at the kind invitation of Mrs. Franklin, and there, in the cool of the garden, we talked and enjoyed strawberries and cream! Throughout the Conference everything went as smoothly and easily as could well be imagined, owing to the untiring efforts of Miss Parish and the months of preparation she had given to the work. Every minute detail had been thought out and arranged, so that when the day came all one had to do was to listen to instructions and act on them. Truly we are to be envied for our splendidly thoughtful and



indefatigable Organizing Secretary, and our very deepest thanks are hers.

The following students were present at the Y.M.C.A. for part of, or the whole of, the Confence on June 15th and 16th, and those marked with an asterisk were also present at Mrs. Franklin's "At Home" on the Wednesday afternoon: Misses Allen, Beddow, Bernau, G. Bell, \*Cooke, \*Culverhouse, Cuscaden, \*Claxton, Denne, \*Edwards, \*Evans, Faunce, Feiling, \*Fountain, \*Francis, Franklin, El. Frost, \*Flewker, \*Fraser, Gibbs, \*Gibson, B. Goode, \*Gray, \*Heath, Judd, \*Kitching, Lambert, Lobjoit, \*Macfarlane, Mackie, Norris, \*M. E. Owen, \*D. Owen, \*Parish, \*Penethorne, Phillips, Pollard, \*Rankin, \*MacSheehy, \*El. Smith, \*J. R. Smith, \*Stainton, \*Stubbs, \*Thomasset, Willis, \*W. Wilkinson, Wiseman, \*Wix, \*Young, and \*Mrs. Bellerby, \*Mrs. Esslemont, Mrs. Evans, \*Mrs. Hall, \*Mrs. Hughes Jones, and \*Mrs. Dudley Smith.

If there are any errors in this list, will those students concerned please forgive. It was rather difficult to make out.

### "THEY ALSO SERVE."

Go to, thou murmurer,  
Consider and be wise.  
A war "of Ideals." Lift thy standard then;  
He who would stay but where he climbs,  
Nor climb where he doth see, will see  
No higher. He serves not. Behold  
The Spur, pricking thee on, the great world-war,  
The stimulus, the wine of life  
That poured into the cup of thee,  
Shall stir, foment, flow out,  
Fill up with life the little life thou lead'st.

No words, nor even deeds,  
Are needful more than daily deeds

Of daily life. Be all thou wilt,  
Breathe all thou feel'st; compress within thyself  
The love of all this land.

Take not the sword; cannon and gun  
Are not for thee; the nurse's dress  
Wear if thou wilt. Do thou, if called,  
All that thou canst, but do not fret  
Should such call never come.

Keep clean thy soul, gentle and loving, pure,  
Open to hear, ready to light the eye  
At news of noble deeds.

For we have come into our heritage  
And the fruit of many years of growth  
Falls red ripe to the ground; not lost,  
But gathered in and stored in heav'nly barns.  
Many saints are there in heaven now;  
Promotion quick along the Pilgrim path,  
Crowding they come, for God hath said,  
"I will make harvest."

Some go

The Devil's way. Doors open. Floods come up.  
All we would be under the lid  
Of all we only seem, bursts,  
And flows out in martyrdom,  
Honour, death. The champagne cup  
Is passing. Nation by nation, man by man,  
We wake, arise, and do.

### MARATHON.

One of our Easter holiday excursions was an afternoon motor run out from Athens to Marathon with some friends; our hostess being well learned in Greek history and legend, ancient and modern, made a most excellent guide.

The driving road to Marathon is between the Hymettus and Pentelicon mountains, whilst the Marathon runner took a



shorter track over a mountain-pass on the north side of Pentelicus. The plain of Marathon is very fertile, and the line of the Persian advance from the sea was over vineyards, which we saw with the leaves just spreading out and cornfields just about ready for harvest on April 3rd. All vineyards and fields of vegetable are carefully irrigated; the water is generally supplied by bucket wells, worked by a horse or donkey tramping round and round the well. You all know the story of the battle, so it is no use telling you how we studied it on the battlefield. What was brought home to us most was the small number of men which settled in so short a time so important an issue. Another smaller item which occurred amongst my wonderings was why the ancients wore such scanty leg-coverings when every plant is covered with thorns and prickles?

The flowers were beautiful; there were numbers of big bushes two or three feet high of white or mauve cistus, other big bushes of marguerites, prickly bushes of lentisk, then only showing berries. Other plants are dwarf editions of English things, such as an iris just like the purple Spanish one at home, only two and a half inches tall at the most, and flower in proportion. That was a "garden" example, but there are wild ones, too, such as the scarlet poppy and heartsease dwarf. The vetches and peas are many and various here, and hop trefoil is luxurious; there is a brilliant purple kidney vetch, which is a great favourite of mine. I have not yet found a book which deals with the flora, so I have to name things after their English relations, and am, probably, inaccurate in many cases. There is a very quaint bright yellow flower which grows on edges of cornfields (limestone country); it has two petals about one-third of an inch long opposite each other, and two tiny alternating ones between them. I cannot place it at all. Mallow is very common, and rocket, too. After poking about amongst the blossoming fruit trees for flowers the car took us nearer to

the sea, to a mound or *soros*, where the hundred or so Greek heroes of the battle were buried. It is covered with lentisk and other prickly bushes, and surrounded by a thick hedge of aloes, except on one side. Aloe leaves become hard as dry leather, and the thorns are very strong, so they make good hedges, and are usual here.

Modern Greeks, two village boys, gazed in amazement at our producing hot tea out of Thermos flasks! Curiosity is a national characteristic.

### OLD CORINTH AND MYCENE.

These two names have an attraction for everyone with the slightest interest in Greek history, and perhaps, therefore, readers of the *PLANT* would like to hear of a visit to these places in 1915. I will write of our visit just as it happened, for there are many little touches typical of modern Greek life.

My husband and I wished to spend the Greek Christmas holiday at Nauplia, making excursions from there to Tirins, Epidaurus, Mycene, etc. We made careful inquiries as to the sailing of the small steamer from Piræus to Nauplia, and were assured the steamers sailed as usual, except on Christmas Day. 6.55 a.m. on Christmas Eve found us in dirty Piræus, only to be told cheerfully "The boat will not sail to-day." Back we went to Athens and decided to train to Corinth; after we had waited some time and had a second breakfast at the station our train came in. It consisted of one passenger coach, with only a half-coupé 1st class, and about twenty-five goods waggons. We spent at least thirty-five minutes shunting in and out of the station before we started, and at each station on our way we had similar shuntings. But this is expected in Greece, unless one travels by the two or three expresses that run. In fact, one lady complained bitterly, saying, "What's the use of stopping for five



minutes, one can do nothing in that moment." It took us six and a half hours to get to Corinth, which is fifty miles from Athens. The journey was interesting, and happily we had food with us. We passed Eleusis first, but that I hope to write about later; then came Megara, the home of Euclid. Here the present town is on the old site, and it presents a very Oriental appearance; the houses have, many of them, blank walls and flat roofs, and all are colour-washed white, pink or blue; they are scattered, without order and with many yards, up and down the two hills so often mentioned in history. The railway from Eleusis to the Isthmus follows the coast line, which is rocky and steep; the railway and the road wander round on terraces one above the other. As they wind round the bays one gets charming glimpses of sea and land; there are no tunnels, as the engineers fear no landslips here, except those infrequent ones caused by earthquakes.

On the Isthmus the railway crosses the Corinth Canal; the higher sides of the latter are almost perpendicular, and the boats look very small at the bottom of the absolutely straight cut of three miles in length.

We left the train in a goods siding at New Corinth, and went out of the station-yard, wondering where the town began; we found that the "town," according to our idea, would never begin. New Corinth is a most disreputable-looking collection of houses, half tumbling down, although only built after the last big earthquake of 1858. There is a population of nearly 5,000, but the place only seems to live in the currant vintage and packing time. Even on Christmas morning there seemed very little life in the town. We had arranged to drive to Old Corinth that morning, so we were off early in our "sousta," an ordinary spring-cart, which are larger here than ordinary English ones, and highly decorated.

The road to Old Corinth for the first part is along the south shore of the Gulf of Corinth. The north shore is precipitous, the mountain running sheer into the sea. It was glorious

looking across to the mountains, especially as the further ones round Delphi and thereabouts were covered with snow. We did not wonder that the ancients built their town inland some two or three kilometres, for the view improved each minute as we drove up. The usual way for a modern traveller to go into the old town is by the last southern stretch of the road from Lechaeon, the ancient port. There were colonnades on either side of this paved street, under which sat the merchants with their wares spread out for sale; the "shops" behind are windowless rooms or two-storied warehouses about twelve or fifteen feet square. The most interesting part of Old Corinth to us was the Well of Peirene. Here one could easily trace four distinct periods of architecture, and during a fifth period in Byzantine times a good many additions had evidently been made. It was customary to roof in the wells in the Roman period, and this one seemed to have been a marble-paved court, about nine or ten yards square, with roofed apses leading off from the bordering colonnade. The water was arranged to flow from the apses into the main courtyard. There are not many remains of Greek buildings at Old Corinth; the chief things of interest are Roman, and living here one begins to think Roman things modern, they are so much weaker and less purposeful than the Greek. There are remains of a temple to Apollo there, which are Doric (sixth century B.C.) of the same date as the Parthenon, and the grandeur of the remaining columns is a great contrast to the Roman work.

We were piloted about the ruins by a handsome peasant, he was dressed in the usual everyday dress; that is a combination shirt and narrow kilt worn over a white shirt, which just shows round the neck. Below the kilt show his white-knitted close-fitting leg garments, whilst up to his knee again are thick blue woollen gaiters, fastened with a blue and white garter. The shoes are very big and loose, and of brown or red leather. I forget which this man had. He had a hand-



some round fur hat. We had various conversations on the present situation, and he wanted all the latest news from Athens. He assured me of a strong friendship between England, France, and Greece which would always last; we hope it may. He provided us with a couple of ponies, which took us the greater part of the way up Acro-Corinth, the fortress hill which rises behind the old city. Riding is not the acme of comfort here, for one has the usual pack saddle, made of wooden lathes widely spaced, with a thin blanket thrown across. Acro-Corinth was the fortress from the ancient times down to modern Greek days, and there are small remains of buildings of all dates jumbled together on the top. The Venetian mediæval walls are most impressive, the only possible entrance is protected by three lines of outworks, portcullis, studded gate, etc. From the top one can get the most magnificent view: to the north and north-east lies the Gulf of Corinth with the mountains of northern Greece, to the south is the marvellous jumble of the Morean Mountains, whilst to the south-east one has a glimpse of the sea, the Gulf of Ægina.

From Corinth we took the train on to Mycene, where we had heard of a possible inn. People we spoke to in the train said, "Oh, no, you cannot stay there." However, we disembarked in front of Mycene station-house just as it was dark. There is practically no twilight here.

Two of the crowd of boys who immediately gathered round to stare, agreed to carry our bag and take us to the Xenodochéion, or inn. After half an hour's quick walk we arrived in front of an ugly house of the five-windows-and-a-door type. Not a sound was to be heard, except our furious knocking and a dog's furious barking in the next yard of the little village. One of our boys went to the back and shouted and succeeded in attracting someone's attention, for just as we were picturing Christmas night on the roadside the door was thrown open by a good-looking boy of seventeen. The

host and hostess and the family, quite simple peasants, made us very welcome, the mother got us a meal in five minutes, the father lit the fire, whilst the children busied themselves about the spotlessly clean tile-floored inn room, which occupied all the ground floor of the house. After supper we were taken to see our room; the mother took the lamp, Helene took the matches, Agamemnon (with an awful squint) had one jug and Kostantinos another, while the dog and cat were also in attendance, with another little girl holding first one and then the other. First we went into the yard at the back, where the hovel where the family lived was just visible, then we went up an outside stair to the guest-rooms over the inn-room. It was an unexpected treat to find such clean, bare rooms, and the welcome given us was most attractive. The procession in the dark was weird.

Now as to the ancient part of Mycene. The guide and guardian knew that foreigners had arrived, and was awaiting us in the morning to take us up to the old town. The situation is wild in the extreme. The ancients built the citadel and upper town on a small hill, isolated by deep gulleys (water worn) from the surrounding mountains, the only approach being through the lower town up a stiff slope. Between the citadel and the lower town are the so-called Tombs of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, and some nameless ones. All these beehive tombs are marvels of finished masonry. One enters along an unroofed passage two or more metres wide, the walls of which gradually increase in height until they reach the actual building in the hillside. All the same, one could easily pass by partially excavated tombs without noticing anything. The apex of the tomb does not show from above. The dome-shaped tombs, as well as the entrance walls, are built of enormous blocks of conglomerate stone; one of the biggest is over the door of Agamemnon's tomb, and measures 80 ft. × 16 ft. × 3 ft. The triangular space over the door lintel, left to reduce the weight on the lintel itself,



was generally closed by a decorated slab such as to be seen in the celebrated Lion Gate. Inside the tombs, by the light of candles, we saw by nails or pins left in the stone how the tombs were decorated by lines of gold or bronze rosettes radiating from the apex. Many of these decorations had been stolen before the archæologists took charge of Mycene, but others are in the Athens Museum, and are good evidence of the wonderful craftsmanship of the ancients.

The famous Lion Gate was the chief entrance to the citadel, and was carefully protected; but this gate is of later date than the highest part of the citadel.

I suppose the Lion Gate is so well known because it is the entry to so many wonders, and because being open to the sky one can appreciate it more. Just inside on a terrace is a circular space, enclosed by a double ring of flat stone slabs set up like Lake District farmyard walls. The space between the rings was originally covered by other stone slabs. Inside this circle are seven rock-hewn tombs, cut perpendicularly, and built up like the others. The excavations here, as well as those at the beehive tombs, was begun by Schliemann. Madame Schliemann, who is still in Athens, was telling an English lady about it a few days ago. The Schliemanns and an exiled royal personage from Brazil had been working there for a long time with no success, and all except Dr. Schliemann were thoroughly disheartened and sick of it. Madame alone remained with her husband, when one day they found some gold ornaments like pinheads. They were greatly excited, and sent away all workmen. The Schliemanns all through their works sifted every particle of earth they took out. Madame Schliemann found it very hard work. After one day of discoveries they sent messages to Athens and got a guard of soldiers before going on, as the treasure was great. One day they were working hard by themselves, and the basket beside Madame Schliemann's side was nearly full, when she came upon the golden horns of the Mycene bull.

She sat back on her knees in desperation, saying, "Oh, what shall I do! There is no room in my basket for a whole cow!" She many times wished antiquities at the bottom of the sea apparently.

The buildings on the summit of the citadel were a little difficult to picture and pick out. I will not attempt any description of that part.

The view from the hill is superb, one sees across the Argive Plain to the Gulf of Nauplia to the south. Argos itself stands well up from the plain, and behind it are the hills round Sparta; to the north are hills behind hills right on to Delphi. When we were there the bigger mountains were snow-capped, and shone out against the bright blue sky.

We were too early in the year for flowers, but a little later the hills there would be covered with all different coloured anemones, scarlet poppies, and a multitude of small rock plants. All around were flocks of sheep and goats feeding on the scanty grass, the goats scrambling up and down terrible precipices; all the animals have musical bells, and the shepherding is done by accurate stone throwing by the shepherd, the very fierce wolf-dogs are guards only. The shepherds wear either white or butcher-blue home-woven and spun capas; these are thick coats, full skirted, with loose hanging sleeves, and an elf-like hood. On cold days they wear both hood and sleeves, but when the sun shines they let both hang loose behind. The coats are woven so as to have a lining of tassels. The men lie down in them to sleep at night just as they are on the floor often.

The weather had treated us badly, and that, combined with other reasons, made us defer visiting Tiryns, Argos, and Nauplia to a later date, and from Mycene we went straight back to Athens.

OLIVE COOPER.